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FRENCH KISS

COMIX

ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

#16

100
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52 IN FULL
COLOR!



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Editorial

ANGELS VERSUS ANIMALS

To belong to the human race in this messed up crazy life we lead in, is a lot of ways, really disgusting. You spend your waking hours running from one place to another, hounded by unpaid bills, broadband server crashes, deadlines, and infinite loose ends to tie up, only to end your days in some nursing home with a blanket around your knees and a nurse with a mustache yelling who knows what about the medication. Yes, being an adult is a job in and of itself. It's enough to make you envy those cats sitting out in the sun on their patios, licking their ribs, and sprawling out on the ground to lick their privates (because those fuckers can. On top of it.)

Nevertheless, being a rational being that walks on two legs has certain advantages, and one of them is not having to be in heat to enjoy a screw. It's true that animals practically suspend all other activity when it's their mating time, and it's also true that we, on the other hand, have to deal with all of life's little annoyances and then a thousand more just to have a good time between the sheets. It goes without saying that if you call in to work because you're just too horny, your pink slip will be showing before you finish getting the words out and you'll be shit canned. And so it goes. Of course, we've also got sex shops filled with accessories, toys and audiovisual material. And French Kiss Comix is wicked cool. Okay, okay, deep inside the human condition, everything ain't that bad. I suppose it would be worse to be born a squid, sliding around in the ocean with your sperm sack ready to burst, your reproductive tentacle constantly hard, fearful that at any moment a predator will cross your path and give you a nip. And where the hell is the sex appeal in a female squid? If you take away the breeding and lemon juice, the truth is, you won't find it anywhere. In the end, I guess what happens is what happens with everything: you just have to go for the best of it.

QUARTERLY ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

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Publisher: Ediciones La Cúpula, S.L.

Editor: JM Berenguer

International Rights: Morteza Teymouri

Contributing Writers: Susi Glamour, Ruben Lardin, Spike Spiegel

Translators and Proofreaders: Cynthia Wang, C. Cavalli

Lettering: C. Ruiz, Jordi Solé, Iñaki Bernardez

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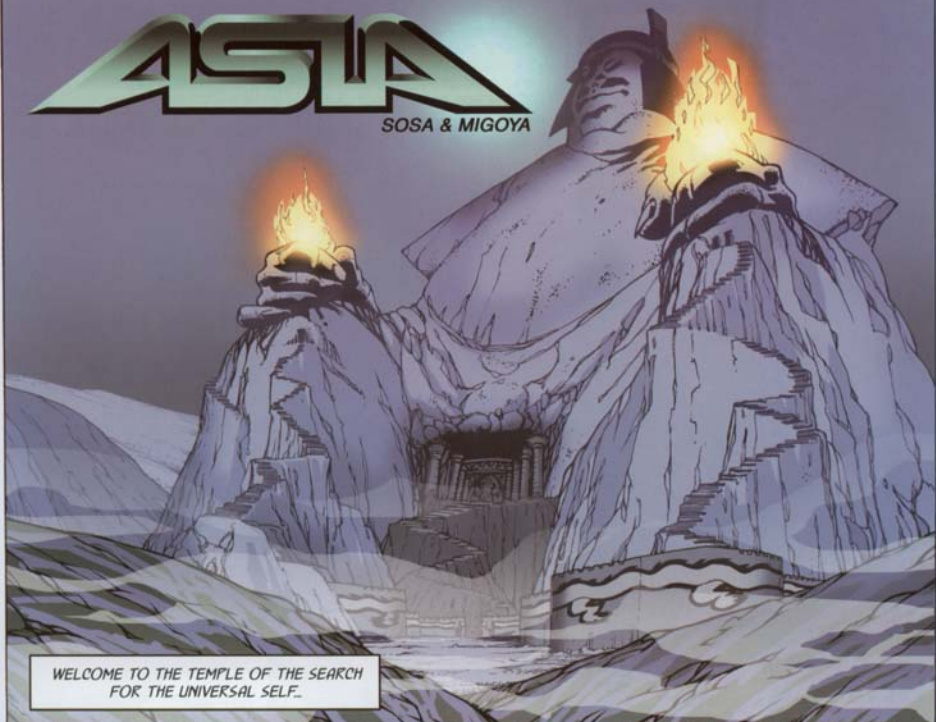
Tel: (34) 93-268-2805 Fax: (34) 93-268-0765

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ASIA

SOSA & MIGOYA



WELCOME TO THE TEMPLE OF THE SEARCH
FOR THE UNIVERSAL SELF.



ALSO KNOWN AS THE PRESIDENT'S WHOREHOUSE.



THE SLAVES OF THIS TEMPLE
SUFFER, AT A VERY YOUNG AGE,
AN INHUMANE PRACTICE.

AT THE AGE OF TWELVE,
THEIR UVULAS ARE
REMOVED SO THEY'RE ALL
THE BETTER AT FELLATING
THEIR MASTER...


...FOR WHICH THEY'VE BEEN
TRAINED. THE ONLY ADVANTAGE
THIS SAVAGE AMPUTATION HAS IS
THAT THESE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
WILL NEVER SNORE.




MMM...
WELL?

TELL ME,
TAKESHI...


WHY DID YOUR
SUPERIOR, COMRADE
TOJI, BETRAY OUR
COUNTRY AND HIS
MISSION?



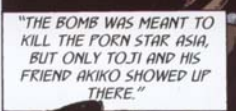
"MY SUPERIOR, TOJI, THREW A BOMB THAT KILLED OUR COMRADES, YES, BUT HE REALLY SEEMED SORRY ABOUT IT."




WHAT WERE THEY DOING HERE? AND WHY WAS THERE A BOMB UNDER MY BED?




OH, UNIVERSE IN EQUILIBRIUM, WHAT HAVE I DONE TO MY OWN MEN? I'VE MURDERED THEM!



"THE BOMB WAS MEANT TO KILL THE PORN STAR ASIA, BUT ONLY TOJI AND HIS FRIEND AKIKO SHOWED UP THERE."




"TOJI DIDN'T KNOW THAT ASIA AND AKIKO WERE THE SAME PERSON."




"AMERICA, STRANGE COUNTRY..."




...LIKE THAT SKETCHY GUY WHO WAS FOLLOWING ASIA.




YES, WELL, TELL ME ABOUT IT LATER! RIGHT NOW WE'VE GOT A PRODUCTION MEETING.




BUT THE BODIES...WE SHOULD CALL THE POLICE...




THEY...THEY...THEY WERE ASIA'S BODYGUARDS. SHE'D RECEIVED DEATH THREATS AND...THEY WERE GUARDING HER, SUPPOSEDLY! BUT THEY MUST HAVE CONFUSED HER WITH YOU, THAT'S WHY THEY WERE HERE...




WHATEVER, THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF TIME FOR THAT...PLUS, NOBODY COMES AROUND HERE. I'LL TURN THAT CRATER INTO A SWIMMING POOL.



GUY WITH THE ALMOND EYES! I SPENT THE WHOLE NIGHT WRITING A SCRIPT FOR YOU! IT WILL BE A FANTASTIC DEBUT IN PORN! LOOK! IT'S TEN PAGES LONG!



A RECORD IN THIS BUSINESS! FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE NO LONGER TOJI.



TOJI IS DEAD: ICED, PASSED AWAY, WIPED OFF THE MAP.



N-NO DON'T SAY THAT. WAAAH!



medium size sign
optical night glass

"FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE...
BRUCE LONG!"

"WE'RE GONNA BE RICH!"

MAN, YOU'RE
GOOD, YOU ASIAN SLUT!
WE'RE GONNA FUCK
YOU TILL YOUR EYES
TURN ROUND, WHORE!

"LIKE THE FAMOUS ASIAN
FIGHTER?"

"EXACTLY! HE LIVES IN A
DICTATORSHIP, SO HE CAN'T
COMPLAIN ABOUT ANYTHING, HA HA!"

WHAT ARE
YOU WAITING FOR
TO FUCK ME,
COWBOY?

FUCK ME
ALREAAAADY!

WOW...NORMALLY,
I'M THE ONE WHO
TAKES THE INITIATIVE,
BUT THIS TIME I'LL BE
SUBMISSIVE...

OH, BRUCE BE
BAD WITH ME!

"AND THAT WAS HOW TOJI STARTED HAVING SEX
PROFESSIONALLY AND PRIVATELY, IGNORANT OF THE
FACT THAT IN BOTH CASES HE WAS DOING IT WITH
THE SAME PERSON."

OH, ASIA, IF YOU
ONLY KNEW HOW
I'VE DREAMED OF
THIS!

OOOH...

AKIKO'S
GOOD... BUT
IT'S NOT THE
SAME!

OH, YES, PUNISH
ME, BRUCE! YOU
CAUGHT ME BEING
A BAD, BAD KITTY!

IF I COULD ONLY
FUCK YOU WITH MY REAL
PICK! THIS PROSTHETIC
ONE KEEPS ME FROM
FEELING INSIDE YOU!

HMMM...

ASIA... IF
ONLY THIS
WERE YOUR
ASS...

YES, GIVE IT ALL
TO ME! DROWN ME IN
YOUR JUICES!

I'M DOING AKIKO,
BUT I'M DREAMING
ABOUT ASIA...

YES, YES, COME
INSIDE ME... OH, I
LOVE YOU...

IF I COULD
ONLY REALLY
HAVE YOU!

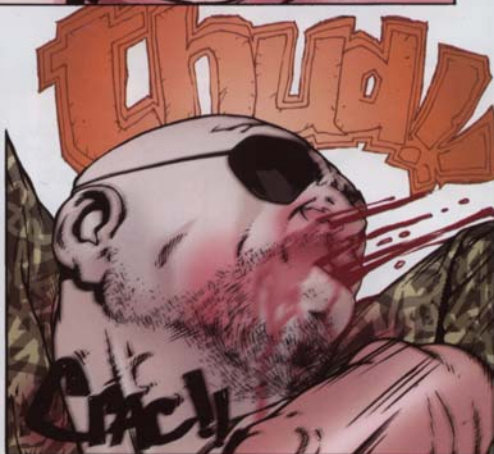


AND WHY DIDN'T YOU COMPLETE THE MISSION? WHY DIDN'T YOU KILL TOJI FOR TREASON AND THEN KILL ASIA, LIKE YOU WERE TOLD?

TOJI WASN'T JUST MY SUPERIOR, HE WAS MY FRIEND. I COULDN'T KILL HIM OR THE WOMAN HE LOVES. I COULDN'T.



YOU JUST SIGNED YOUR DEATH CERTIFICATE.





YOU ARE OUR NATIONAL HERO FAR EXCELLENCE. YOU RENOUNCED BEING A STAK OF THE DECAPENT UNITED STATES TO SERVE YOUR COUNTRY AND POLITICAL BELIEFS. NOW THAT SLUT ISN'T JUST RUINING YOUR STATURE AS AN ASIAN ICON, SHE'S TRIVIALIZING YOUR NAME BY USING IT IN A SERIES OF INSIGNIFICANT FILMS. ARE YOU GOING TO LET THAT HAPPEN?



NO SIR, PRESIDENT. I'M GOING TO BRING AN END TO MY IMPOSTOR AND TO THAT WHORE NAMED ASIA. WORD OF HONOR FROM BRUCE LONG!

SON
MIGOYA

THE END



TERA PATRICK

The siren of exotic porn

Twenty-nine years old with a real drop-dead body. Long legs, tits like missiles and the eyes of a spoiled panther. The exotic Tera Patrick is one of our sexiest actresses. Coming off the pages of men's magazines like *Playboy* and *Penthouse*, she has turned into an adult movie impresario. She chooses the movies she stars in with great care and is one of the best strippers in the world. Now is the time to get to know her well. Really well...



INSIDE TERA

Date and place of birth: July 25, 1976 in Great Falls, Montana.

Pseudonyms: Sadie Johnson, Sara Jordan, Linda Hopkins, Brooke Thomas.

Her beauty secret: In her veins run English (from her father) and Thai (from her mother) blood.

Marital status: Happily married to Evan Seinfeld.



Before porn: Pre-med studies, specializing in microbiology.

Her first paycheck as a stripper: \$50,000 for just two nights of work.

Her greatest success: The interactive DVD-Rom *Virtual Sex With Tera Patrick* (2000), one of the ten best selling in history.

Her specialty: She gives mean head, especially in the hot sand of an island paradise.

Anal sex: Only in her private life.

Hobbies: Reading and writing. For years she's written a sex advice column in the British magazine *FHM*.

She said: "In my private life, I love fucking just my husband. I love the missionary position and I love making love in the tub with candles, romantic music and rose petals."

THE CALL OF SEX

Since she was very young, Tera has felt an uncontrollable attraction to sex. When she was only thirteen years old she already had a spectacular body and liked looking at the beautiful models in men's magazines. She was discovered by the Ford modeling agency in New York. After turning eighteen, while she was studying at the University of Idaho, the inevitable happened. "I knew a couple of girls who were sending their photos to *Playboy*," she recalls. "I've always been very uninhibited and I liked my body. I dreamed about transforming myself into a calendar girl and so I sent off my photos too. They called me for a test session and I wound up in the magazine." Shortly

afterwards, she met Suze Randall, the *Penthouse* photographer who launched her as the queen of artsy erotica. Her road to the Olympus of Sex had started.

HOT COVER GIRL

In just two years Tera posed for the most important sex magazines in the world. From *Playboy* to *Penthouse*. From *Biker Magazine* to *Men's World*, passing through the pages of *Cheri*, *Mayfair*, *High Society*, *Taboo*, *Leg World*, *Club International* and many others. Having become a popular model and one of the most desired bodies in all of America, she dared to go a little bit farther. In 1999 she was in several erotic productions filmed for *Playboy* television, such as *Playboy's Nightcalls 411*, *Personals*, *Hot Video*, *Latin Ladies* and *Fast Lane To Vegas*.

CHIC CHICK

But her big opportunity was served on a silver platter by the legendary *Andrew Blake*, who offered her her first role in a porn film. Tera says: "He called me to see if I wanted to shoot a scene with another girl. I accepted because I was fascinated by all his movies. They're really beautiful; they're well done on a technical level and they shoot sex in a really classy way. They have a hot feel, with nothing offensive. I said yes and we shot *Aroused*. There weren't any penetrations or scenes with guys, but I thought if I could work with girls, I could also do it with guys because that seemed more natural. That was the first time I had sex with a woman."

FLASH!

EXPOSITION "The Happy Nurse"



WHEN THE PRESENTATION BY THE
ILLUSTRATORS' ASSOCIATION IS FINISHED,
WE'LL CONTINUE LOOKING AT THE EXHIBIT.

LET'S STAY!
I NEVER
THOUGHT I'D
WIND UP
MEETING ALL
THESE
CELEBRITIES.
ESPECIALLY
SINCE I THOUGHT
THEY WERE
ALL DEAD...

FLASH!



CONGRATULATIONS,
ANITA! YOU'VE
ORGANIZED AN
EXCEPTIONAL
SHOW!

THANKS,
CHARLES, BUT
TAKE CARE...I SEE
YOU'RE SMOKING
AGAIN!







"THE HAPPY NURSE..."

"NO OTHER WORK MORE SUCCESSFULLY REPRESENTS THE JOY OF SERVING YOUR FELLOW MAN..."

Gil Spang

HER PROFESSION IS SYNONYMOUS WITH SERVICE AND HER EXPOSED LEGS HOLD A PROMISE OF LOVE. COMPASSION AND EROTICISM ARE THE SAME THING WITH HER...



EXACTLY! IT'S THAT EXTRAORDINARY CAPACITY FOR GIVING THAT MAKES HER SO POWERFUL.



SHE, LIKE NO ONE ELSE, CAN TAKE CARE OF OTHERS' NEEDS. AND THAT'S THE SECRET TO HER HAPPINESS!



THAT IDEA CHANGED MY LIFE. I REMEMBER PERFECTLY WHEN IT DAWNED ON ME...

"I WAS IN A USED BOOK STORE WHEN MY CELL PHONE RANG. IT WAS SANDRA. AN OLD FRIEND I HADN'T SEEN IN A WHILE."



"SHE TOLD ME SHE'D BROKEN BOTH WRISTS A FEW DAYS AFTER ARRIVING IN TOWN. AND I, INDIFFERENT, TRIED TO THINK OF AN EXCUSE NOT TO SEE HER."



"I LOOKED UP AND RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME WAS THAT NURSE. I SHIVERED. HER HAPPY EXISTENCE CONTRASTED ENORMOUSLY WITH MINE. I SAW MYSELF FOR WHAT I WAS: A POOR, LONELY, SELFISH WOMAN."



"I HAD TO CHANGE MY ATTITUDE. I VISITED HER AT THE HOSPITAL RIGHT AWAY."

"POOR BABY, WITHOUT HER HANDS SHE WAS TOTALLY INCAPACITATED. AT LUNCH TIME, I FED HER."



"LATER, SHE TOLD ME THAT HER BOYFRIEND HAD CHEATED ON HER AND SHE'D BROKEN UP WITH HIM. I COMFORTED HER. A NEW WOMAN WAS BORN INSIDE ME."



"THEN, ASHAMED, SHE WHISPERED SOMETHING TO ME..."



"THERE ARE THINGS A WOMAN DOES IN PRIVATE THAT ARE DIFFICULT TO SHARE WITH ANOTHER."



"BUT, SHE PUT HER TRUST IN ME AND ASKED ME FOR HELP..."



"I FELT REALLY HONORED. I COULDN'T SAY NO..."



"I CUT HER TOENAILS AND PAINTED THEM WITH MY OWN POLISH... SHE WAS VERY GRATEFUL..."



AHH...

THAT WAS HOW I DISCOVERED MY CAPACITY FOR HELPING, GIVING AND SERVING. IT WAS A REVELATION THAT BROUGHT PEACE TO MY LIFE.



GIL SPAM SUBTLY ENTERS THE FEMINE UNIVERSE AND GIVES US ARCHETYPES THAT ARE AN EXAMPLE AND INSPIRATION FOR ALL WOMEN.

ONLY AN ARTIST OF HIS CALIBER COULD MANAGE THAT.

FOR SURE.



I DIDN'T ENTER THE WORLD OF WOMEN. I ENTERED WOMEN... ALTHOUGH THE OPPOSITE HAPPENED THE NIGHT THAT INSPIRED THAT WORK. I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO DIE...

"OVER SOMETHING STUPID, MY MAID HIT ME ON THE HEAD WITH A BAT. AT THE HOSPITAL, I GOT FIVE STITCHES AND HAD TO STAY OVERNIGHT."



"I COULDN'T SLEEP AND, BORED, WENT WALKING THROUGH THE HALLS."

"WALKING BY AN EXAM ROOM, IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT I COULD SWIPE A THERMOMETER."



"SUDDENLY WE HEARD VOICES COMING TOWARDS US. WE WERE SURPRISED AGAIN."



"THEN, SHE JUMPED ON ME AND STARTED KISSING ME."



"I WALKED IN ON A NURSE WHO WAS GETTING DRESSED IN THE DARK. WE WERE BOTH SURPRISED."



"SHE PULLED ME TO THE FLOOR AND SQUEEZED ME BETWEEN HER LEGS WHILE SHE KEPT KISSING ME. JUST THEN, SOMEONE WALKED IN, BUT THEY CLOSED THE DOOR QUICKLY."



"WE HEARD VOICES AND LAUGHTER IN THE HALL, BUT SHE DIDN'T LET GO OF ME. IT WAS OBVIOUS THE NAUGHTY NURSE WANTED PEOPLE TO KNOW."



"I WASN'T ABOUT TO BE INTIMIDATED BY THAT AND I STARTED FUCKING HER..."



OH!

"I DECIDED TO GO ALL OUT, SO I SPIT ON MY FINGERS AND WET HER ASSHOLE..."



"IN TWO DEEP THRUSTS I WAS BALLS-DEEP..."



MMM...

Hund!

Ah!

Nnn...Nnn...Nnn...

Tirss!
Hundd!!
Flop!

"SHE TRIED TO WRIGGLE
AWAY. I UNDERSTOOD THE
GAME: I GRABBED HER
HARD AND HAMMERED HER
MERCILESSLY."

Flop! Flap! Flop! Flap!

Oh!

Splosh!

Hummmmmmm !!!

"I SHOT MY WAD AND IT WAS SILENT OUT IN THE HALL. SURE THAT I HAD FULFILLED HER WILDEST FANTASIES. I SAT AND WAITED FOR HER WARM THANKS."

UFF!

AND? HOW WAS IT FOR YOU?

"SHE DIDN'T RESPOND. SHE OPENED THE WINDOW AND LOOKED FOR SOMETHING IN A DRAWER..."

"SHE TURNED AROUND AND AIMED A GUN AT ME, FILLED WITH HATRED. THEN WE HEARD PEOPLE RUSHING TOWARDS US. SHE SNARLED AND GOT AWAY THROUGH THE WINDOW."

"I SHIT MYSELF, BUT I DIDN'T CARE. I FOUND AN IDEA FOR A GREAT DRAWING."

WHEN THE COPS CAME, THEY COULDN'T BELIEVE THE LADY FUGITIVE HAD TRICKED THEM SO EASILY OR THAT I WAS STILL ALIVE.

THAT WOMAN WAS "CRAZY JULIE," A FAMOUS PSYCHOPATH WHO KILLED HER BOYFRIENDS WHEN THEY TRIED TO PUT THE MOVES ON HER. THEY'D PULLED HER OUT OF JAIL TO GIVE HER A HYSTERECTOMY.

WHAT A WONDERFUL INFLUENCE YOUR GRANDDAD'S WORK HAS!

HAVING HIS WORK AS INSPIRATION HAS MADE YOU A WORK OF ART...YOU'RE A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, ANITA...

MARTIN...

WHAT THE FUCK AM I DOING WITH THESE FLOWERS?

I CAN'T SAY WHEN I BECAME OBSESSED WITH MELANIE.



BUT I REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I NOTICED HER...



...IT WAS IN THE ELEVATOR, ON THE WAY BACK FROM THE SUPERMARKET.

WE DIDN'T FORGET ANYTHING?



HEY, WAIT A SECOND!



THE TYPICAL COMMENT: "YOU WERE A BABY YESTERDAY! NOW YOU'RE ALL GROWN UP!"



THAT WAS PRETTY OBVIOUS. HOW COME I HADN'T NOTICED HER BEFORE?



HOW'S YOUR MOTHER MELANIE? IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE I SAW HER.



MUCH BETTER NOW. SHE'S REALLY FINE.

SHE WAS ...UHH...SO... SQUEEZABLE?



Melanie



I BEGAN TO HANG IN FRONT OF THE WINDOW
WAITING FOR MELANIE TO APPEAR.



I KNOW IT SEEMS PRETTY PATHETIC.



IT WAS. BUT I NEEDED TO KNOW
IF SHE WAS LIKE I IMAGINED.



AND HOW I IMAGINED HER!



ALL WET, SKIN SHINING...





...TOUCHING HERSELF, EXCITED,
LOOKING IN THE MIRROR.



NOW SHE PINCHES HER NIPPLES,
SMALL AND PINK...



SOON MY FIXATION DEGENERATED INTO SICK OBSESSION.



I NEEDED TO SEE MORE.



AND I HAD ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD. I WORKED AT HOME
AND MY WIFE GOT BACK AT EIGHT.



I HAD NOTHING BUT PATIENCE.

IT WAS THE MIDDLE OF JULY AND REALLY HOT.



HUMID AND STICKY.



THAT DAY MELANIE WAS
ESPECIALLY SEXY.



SHE HAD A NEW BOYFRIEND.
SOME IDIOT FROM THE GYM.



HER PARENTS MUST'VE BEEN
AWAY FOR THE WEEKEND.



FUUUUUCK...



IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I SAW HER
LIKE THAT WITH HER BOYFRIEND.



MY HEART WAS RACING...



...AND I GOT LOTS OF PHOTOS.



THAT WAS WHEN I DECIDED TO BUY
A FASTER CAMERA.

IN AUGUST, I HARDLY SAW MELANIE. ONCE OR TWICE IN A BRA AND PANTIES.



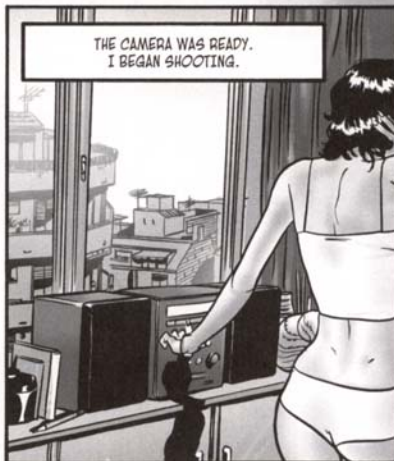
EVEN SO, I STAYED GLUED TO THE WINDOW.



HEY, THERE
SHE IS. WOW,
LOOK AT HER!



THE CAMERA WAS READY.
I BEGAN SHOOTING.



...I'D TAKEN A FEW SHOTS WHEN
HER BOYFRIEND APPEARED.

ARE YOU AN ASSHOLE OR WHAT?
GET OUTTA HERE, RIGHT NOW!
GET OUT!



I WAS SURPRISED TO SEE
HIM AFTER SO LONG.



SHE SEEMED SURPRISED TOO.





IT WAS LIKE I WAS HYPNOTIZED.



IT WAS GETTING OUT OF HAND AND
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

FUCK!

AHH... AH...
AGH!

ASSHOLE!

AHH!
FUCKER!

DON'T SCREAM,
YOU LIKE IT!

THE NEW CAMERA ATE UP ONE
ROLL AFTER ANOTHER...

...AND THEN I REALIZED HE WAS STRANGLING HER.

HE WAS HURTING HER.

HE WAS GONNA
KILL HER!

Under the counter

Ruben Lardin



CRAZY BABES

Regular readers of this section—there must be a few—may have heard of Bob Coulter, a music producer who's worked with De La Soul, Stetsasonic, B52s, Red Hot Chili Peppers and Keith Richards. In the great wide open of the Internet, he's entered the porn business and is lining his pockets with the domain crazybabe.com. The need to personalize the site led him to buy a Nikon and start taking his own photos. And he did a pretty good job. He says he isn't a photographer, but just looking at his compositions, exultant with color and inhibition, you can see that he's better at it than a lot of people who consider themselves professionals. A specialist in capturing the wild side of NYC in the 21st century, his latest work is a series created between the walls of the **Carlton Arms Hotel**, a former den of iniquity much favored by European tourists, with each room decorated by a different artist. One room feels like an Egyptian tomb, one feels like a Tex-Mex brothel, another looks like the underwater view from a submarine to create an overall effect between disturbing and trippy. The girls are dancers, escorts, waitresses, professional and pornographic models (including **Janine Lindemulder**, for example), and they all look fierce in cool poses, united in the girl power of today manifested in piercings, tattoos and funky colored hair. There are really pretty girls, really dirty ones and really bizarre ones all face-to-face with Coulter's hungry wide-angle lens. They say he's an energetic whirlwind during the sessions, capturing all of them on camera terrifically. It doesn't make any difference if it's pornography or erotica, whatever it is, it's a riot. If I know one thing, it's that this gallery of photos is great and you gotta see it.

www.badgirlshotel.com

RETRO NOW

In this section, we've always defended a womanly ideal that isn't exactly that, since it changes and is based on a backlash toward the popular canon established by the media, which the most radical erotomaniacs reject altogether. At least when immortality is knocking at the door, since in real life we aren't here to toss things away. But there is one thing: when it comes to looking at a book of photos, we prefer natural girls, anatomical contrasts and the irregularities that make the difference. The California beach stereotype is just eye candy; here, what's appealing is appealing the way it is. In ***Erotic Flashback***, **Michael Berkowitz** (NY, 1952) proves himself to be one of us. According to the writer of the prologue, **Adrienne E. Gusoff**, all the photos were taken in the author's studio in Manhattan, with a simple 4 x 5 camera, a standard lens, Kodak Tri-X film and natural light, reinforced when necessary with flash and reflectors. The photos are reproduced in a sepia tint that evokes times past, and some shots are framed in ovals. The women who appear in the shots pose on sets decorated with tapestries, throws, gauze, cushions and exotic fabrics. The aura should be rancid Victorian and sophisticated, but it's far from that. In part thanks to the amateur models, the photos create an approach to femininity as it is, without fussiness. On the pages of ***Erotic Flashback*** are girls who would be considered technically ugly, with gigantic asses, flabby or stretched out tits, jutting jawlines, blank stares and beaky noses. Backs in all shapes and conditions and bones that dance. There's a little bit of everything. But the reading, from right to left, from bottom to top or from the end to the middle, is pure pleasure and sums itself up by insisting that 90% of all women are desirable. And now I'm not sure if we're talking about the book or life as a whole. If it's the book, then yes, with its sizable three hundred pages bound in heavy cloth that transforms it into a luxury item, it makes the erotomaniac a classic dandy. A distinction that we've always loved.

EROTIC FLASHBACK

Michael Berkowitz

Goliath Books

www.goliathbooks.com

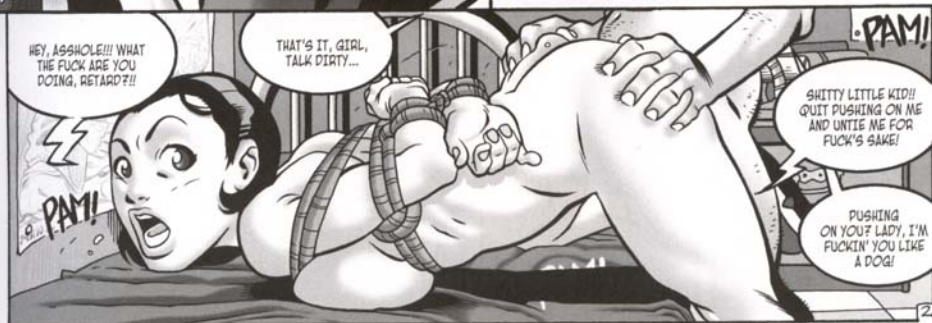
(Continued on page 37) french kiss 16



Incredible Stories

Chapter 9





YOU DON'T FEEL THAT MY SUPERCOCK IS RIPPING UP YOUR INSIDES! HA, HA, IT'LL BE WEEKS BEFORE YOU CAN CLOSE YOUR LEGS!



OK, OK! I GET IT, THIS IS A TEST! I'LL TAME THIS COP, THIS POWERFUL AND IMPERTINENT WOMAN...I PROMISE YOU, GODS: THIS LADY WILL BE MINE.







IF-IF YOU
STOP... I WON'T
SAY ANYTHING...
PLEASE...

AAAAH!!

YOU'RE RIPPING
ME UP!

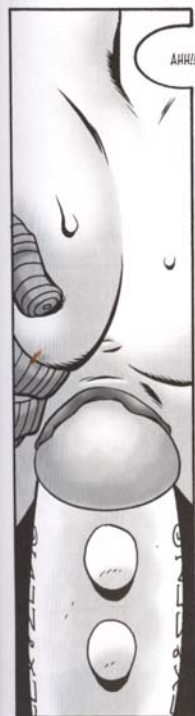
NOOO!!

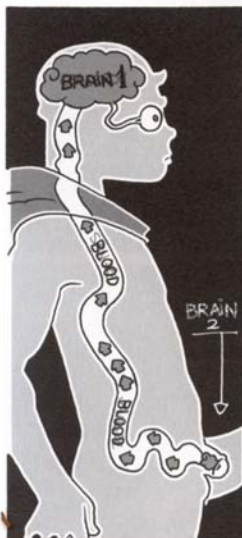
AAAAH!!

AGH!

SAVE YOUR
BREATH FOR LATER,
GIRLIE, WE'VE GOT PLENTY
OF TIME.

AH!





Under the counter

(Continued from page 29)



AGENT PROVOCATEUR

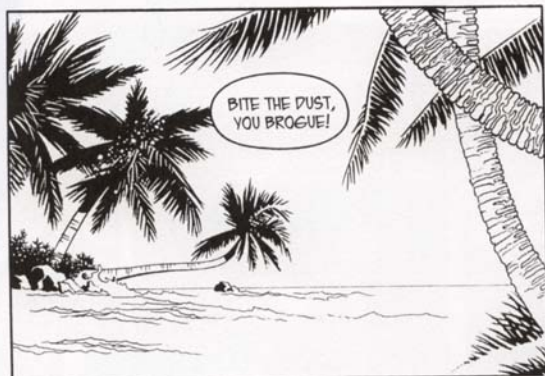
Tell me I haven't talked about *Phamous 69* here yet. I hope I'm not wrong, but if I am, I'm going to talk about it again. Because *Phamous 69* is one of the sexiest erotic magazines and the one with more presence than you'll find anywhere else in cyberspace. Both in content and format, *Phamous 69* is the online creation of Paul Percival and Cynthia Lawrence-John, English editorial contributors to magazines such as *Vogue*, *ID*, *Dazed and Confused*, *W* magazine, *Vanity Fair* and *Arena*. Not that any of that is a guarantee of anything, as a lot of those rags are shit masking their nothingness, but fair enough, you have to assume that these two have achieved a certain communicative experience in that atmosphere, which at times is lucid, dedicated to recreating inane and frivolous lifestyles like those described by Bret Easton Ellis: supermodels, music, good food, film, attitudes, travel, fame, top-drawer porn and a first impression of political incorrectness. The guys in *P69* are there to be there and throw parties with DJs, photogenic luminaries, intellectuals, narcissists and other fauna, but there weren't invited and we have to make do with the magazine, which could be viewed as an exquisite, up-to-date version of *Playboy*. It talks about everything we just mentioned in a retro, decadent atmosphere, showcasing a design and an unfolding that drip with pure, cold artifice and that holds its value in the quality of the photographers' work, which is more than acceptable. I've got to mention that there's a VIP section, where there are more photos and articles and a few more surprises, but the plebeian section's got enough meat to merit our visits every so often, in search of updates.

www.phamous69.com

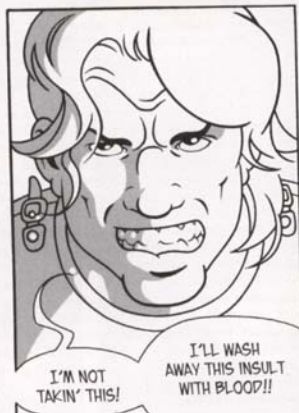
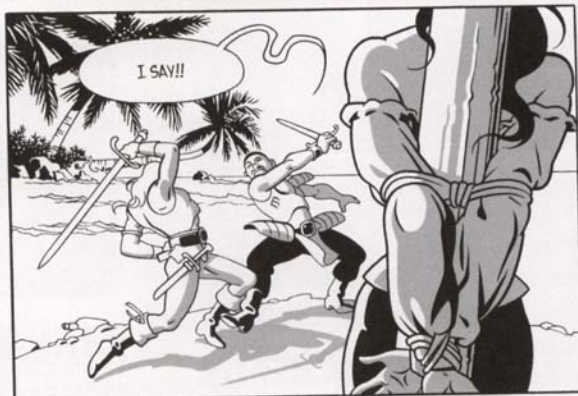
GIRL NEXT DOOR

Haley Madsen is the stage name of a twenty-something girl from northern California who has been modeling free for three years: lingerie sessions, posing for photographers interested in erotica and shoots for web sites of varying degrees of spiciness. Her determination in criticizing the moral double standard and her defense of eroticism and pornography is constant in her declarations, although she has her own well-defined limits: spurious lesbianism with tickles and kisses, solo photos with toys and nothing else. Not a bit of explicit sex with men in front of the camera. None at all, because she's shy, because she lives with her parents or because she feels uncomfortable doing that—whatever. The point is, you just can't see her doing that anyway. Haley isn't out of this world. She's got a great, if slightly clumsy body, an imperfect if pretty face, a relative, functional quality. She likes the beach, electronic music and raves. And, filled with such spirituality, she says she's bisexual, too, of course. And why are we talking about her here? Because we like something about her and because she isn't one of those gross sluts hanging wide open and sucking change out of the pockets of every horny web surfer. Haley doesn't show too much, but after half an hour looking at her site, we discovered her belly, her nipples, her smile, her ass and her labia, which is a fairly big deal. Her site offers a thousand facts about her, studio and ordinary photos of her, a blog in which she writes with an incredible insipidness, including poems about her work that are real laughs. It's all free and done with a warmth of tone that the pathetic losers out there, including us, might find suggestive. It doesn't cost a thing to give her site a glance and leave her gentlemanly messages that, who knows, might be the beginning of a platonic romance.

www.haleyland.com



THE TROPICS

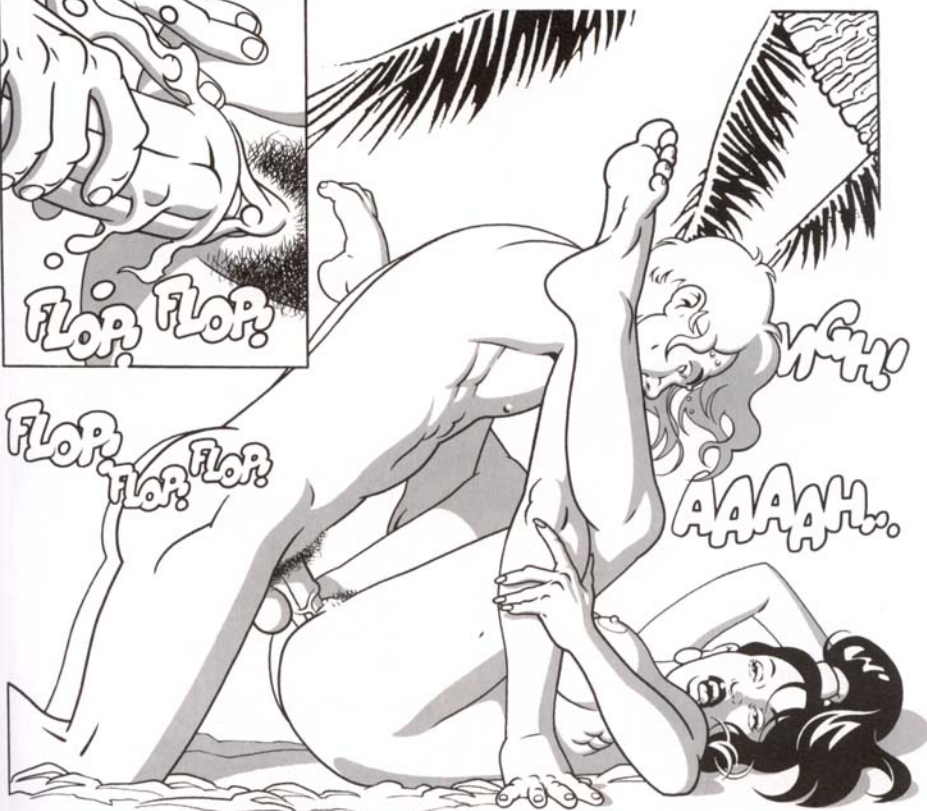








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ASSHOLE!

THE
FUCKER PASSED
OUT ON ME!



...AND I
WANTED TO
GET LAID!!

THE END

Tribute to John Leslie

The video produces a scene that in any other video would seem transitive.

A redheaded guy washes his hands in a hotel bathroom and walks into the room. A woman who seems to be his wife, a brunette younger than him and dressed in a suit, is seated on the bed and pulls up her skirt so that she can open her legs while she makes faces that would scare a little kid. It's completely silent, except for the noise outside that comes together and forms a faint wall of sound from which the rumble of a motor occasionally surges. He follows her to the bathroom and she sits on the toilet, undressing him with her eyes. She's extremely good looking for a porn actress; she looks more like an anonymous call girl or a silly girlfriend. No one says a word and she pulls his cock out of his pants and sucks on it for a few minutes. For a while it looks like he's cum and she's swallowed it until he pulls his big wet piece of meat out of her mouth, trailing a thick thread of spit behind it. He puts his dick away and she leaves the bathroom after wiping herself between the legs and pulling the hem of her skirt down to her thighs. This little drama, which has the exaggerated restraint of performance art, continues with the man leaving the room.

The woman then takes her white panties off and rubs herself against the mattress and the pillow, which she squeezes between her legs. Moans escape her as she rubs her clitoris. The doorbell rings and the woman opens it, letting in a thug with his shirt open to the stomach. He's got sunglasses propped on his head and he's shorter than her. No one has said a word yet and she touches his ass and the bulge in his pants, sizing them up. The guy sits on the edge of the sink, where the yellow light saturates the neutral colors of the scene, and she feels him up with a subliminal authority that is unheard of in pornographic fiction. He lets her do it but from where he is, he can't reach any farther than her chest, where she has unbuttoned her jacket. Underneath her tight white blouse are two medium-sized, natural breasts, spaced far apart, which stand out under the ashen light of the sconce above the mirror. The cotton chafes her nipples, and the cold makes them stick out even more, like two uneven rivets it would be impossible to imagine her tits without.

Back in the room again, the man squeezes his wet, greasy cock really hard, trying to get control of it, because although you can't really see it, you know it's rock-hard and stiff, the big vein running down the middle palpitating. The girl looks at his cock indolently and you'd say she wants to make it explode with desire while she shows herself off in the room, opening and separating her pussy lips as the air around her takes on the odor of her irritating perfume. He shakes his cock slowly but

with all the implicit violence he is capable of, pulling his foreskin back and exposing the head, as purple and shining as an internal organ.

Fucking, the girl, whose pussy hangs really low and who in a few years might just gain a ton of weight, directs the action, and with an economy of words she asks the man to enjoy himself, yells that he's tearing her apart and whimpers in English. The married man, the redheaded guy from before, enters the room when she's laid out and getting fucked by the thug, who's thrusting in and out of her, and he joins the scene after asking the woman to get on all fours. He takes her from behind while she sucks the other guy's dick, but she doesn't seem like she's really up for the task. The best is when the woman sits on the guy who's supposed to be her husband, with their flesh slapping, as if she wants more of his dick or wants to rip up her insides, bobbing up and down, wild-haired and howling at times. Her tits look like they've grown, turning pink, and the parts of her body covered up from the sun, in the shape of her bikini, look like some sort of lingerie, an invisible fetish. The montage centers on the action, not in terms of time but in the act itself, true to its clumsiness and its everyday-ness, and when she gets down on her knees on the carpet like an animal in a cage, waiting for his cum with her arms stretched out between her knees, tense and recuperating angles and bisections of her external anatomy, the man shoots out his hot semen in her mouth and you see in the woman a bit of girlishness in the little gap between her teeth.

At this juncture in the movie, it's time for reflection and we notice that the other man hasn't come, impeding that variety of mythical male friendship that is the camaraderie between guys when they cum on the face of a woman together. When you theorize on the function of those facial ejaculations, you're talking about objectification, destruction, and the vexing of beauty, or about the allegory of killing love, but the cum on her face is also something of a definitive kiss, good or bad. Either forever or until we meet again. It's lavish, at any rate, and you can recognize the achievement in its quality, texture, and the effort that goes into it. It's not a reliable fact, but it's the most graphic one we have. And it can be really beautiful.

In the end, the man calls the thug a pimp. Let's go, you pimp, he says, and as he gets up for the door, he moves towards the girl, who's sitting on the bed wrapped in a towel with wet hair, her legs crossed, and tells her that he's got a bunch of guys, that whenever she feels like it, all she has to do is ask him, call him. She smiles complacently at the foreground and the camera dissolves on her face, closing the scene abruptly, as they always do in porn.

CONNECTED 0.7

THEY WERE BORN SIAMESE TWINS CONNECTED AT THE CLITORIS. WHEN THEY WERE SEPARATED, NOBODY FORESAW A TERRIBLE CONSEQUENCE....

CUT THAT SHIT OUT. GET UP!

LEAVE ME ALONE, I'M GONNA KILL MYSELF AND I WON'T BOTHER YOU ANYMORE.

STOP THAT DEPRESSION CRAP. COME BACK TO LIFE!

YOU'RE A DISASTER!

WHAT LIFE? I DON'T HAVE A BOYFRIEND, MONEY, WORK, NOTHING!

YOU'RE GONNA TAKE A BATH, AND I'M GONNA FIND TWO GUYS FOR US TO GO OUT WITH TONIGHT.

I'M A PIECE OF SHIT. A LOSER...

WE'LL GO TO A CLUB OR SOMETHING.

DO WHAT YOU WANT... I DON'T CARE.

HOW'S THAT SOUND?

MINUTES LATER...

THAT MUST BE THE GUYS I CALLED. YOU'LL SEE, HOTITIES!

RING!
RING!

HEY, BABES!

IS THIS A JOKE?

EL
KINDOM
COM

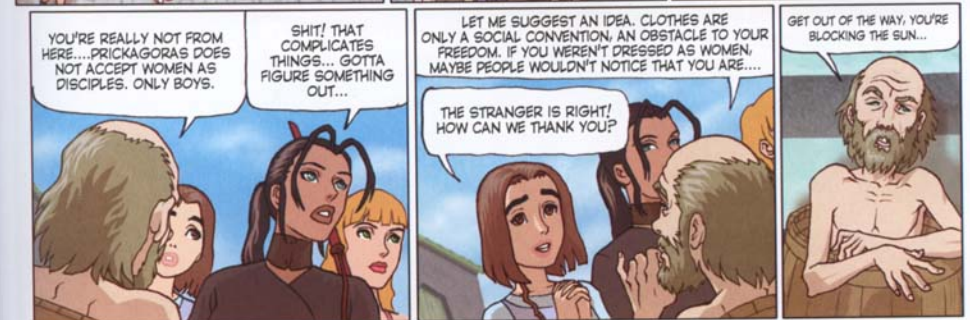
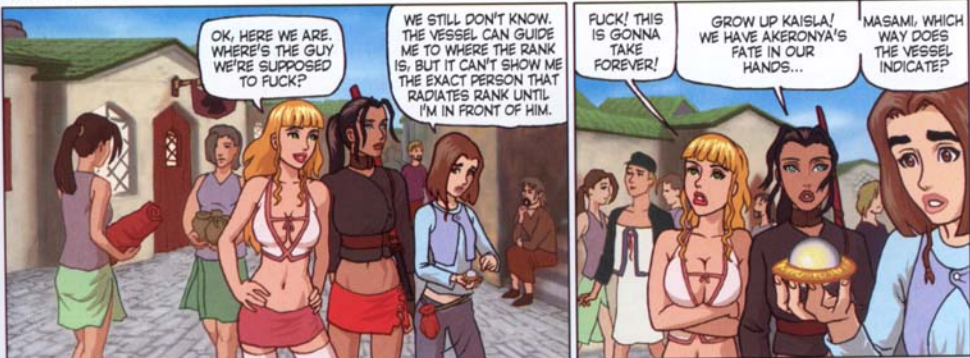


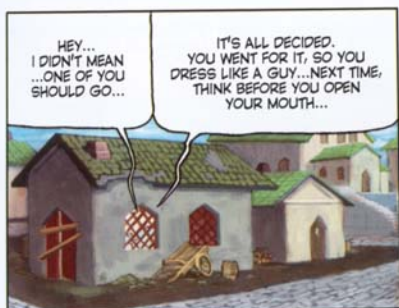












HEY...
I DIDN'T MEAN
...ONE OF YOU
SHOULD GO...

IT'S ALL DECIDED.
YOU WENT FOR IT, SO YOU
DRESS LIKE A GUY...NEXT TIME,
THINK BEFORE YOU OPEN
YOUR MOUTH...



OK, OK...I FIND THE GUY WITH THE
RANK AND BRING HIM HERE...BUT
I'M NOT FUCKING HIM. YOU DO IT!

YOU KNOW I'D LOVE TO,
BUT I DON'T THINK IT'S EASY
FOR THOSE GUYS TO GET
OUT OF THE SCHOOL,
SO...



WHY
ME?

HEY, KID.
ARE YOU NEW HERE?
I'M HYPASO...

HUH?...UH YEAH, I'M
NEW. MY NAME IS
MASA...CRATES...



WELL, YOU'VE ARRIVED AT A
PERFECT TIME, MASACRATES...
THIS AFTERNOON, PRICKAGORAS
WILL REVEAL THE SECRET OF THE
PENTAGON THAT RULES NATURE.

WOW! SOUNDS
EXCITING!



LISTEN... HAS ANYONE EVER
TOLD YOU THAT YOU'RE DIVINELY
BEAUTIFUL?

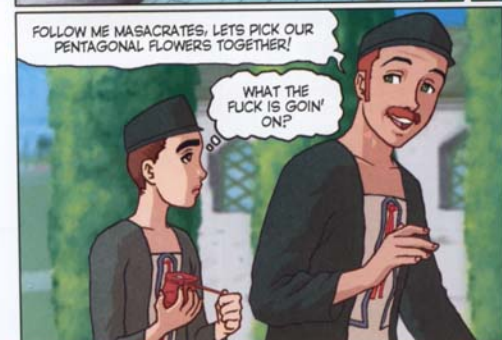
REALLY? THANKS FOR
THE COMPLIMENT...

DAMN!
I THINK HE'S
NOTICED I'M A
WOMAN...



NOW WE SHOULD PICK SOME
FLOWERS SO PRICKAGORAS CAN
DEMONSTRATE HIS THEORY!

I'VE GOTTA FIND THE
GUY WITH THE RANK BEFORE MY
DISGUISE IS BLOWN...



FOLLOW ME MASACRATES, LET'S PICK OUR
PENTAGONAL FLOWERS TOGETHER!

WHAT THE
FUCK IS GOIN'
ON?



THE RANK...
IT'S HIM!



OH!
LOOK HOW
PRETTY!

GET THOSE
FLOWERS...WE'LL
MAKE A LOVELY
BOUQUET!

OKAY...



MASACRATES!
YOU GOT A REAL
NICE ASS!



I KNEW IT:
HE'S FIGURED ME OUT...

THAT'S
NO PROBLEM...
THEY'RE ALL
DOING THE
SAME THING.

WATCH OUT
HYPASO...
THEY'LL SEE
US...



THIS IS IT. IF WE MAKE LOVE NOW, I CAN FREE
HIS RANK.

OH YES! GO ON!



HEY...WHAT THE FUCK?
A WOMAN! YUUCK!

WHAT...?
THEN THEY'RE
ALL...WHY DIDN'T
I NOTICE IT
BEFORE?!



DON'T STOP NOW! A SECOND AGO YOU WANTED
ME! YOU'VE NEVER DONE IT WITH A WOMAN
BEFORE? I CAN KISS BETTER THAN ANYONE...

KISS WHAT...?
MY COCK?

UHH...
YEAH.



OK, GIVE IT A
TRY...

AND YOU
WOMEN HAVE
MORE THAN
ONE HOLE...



mman



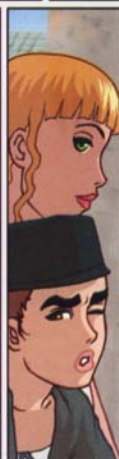
OH
...

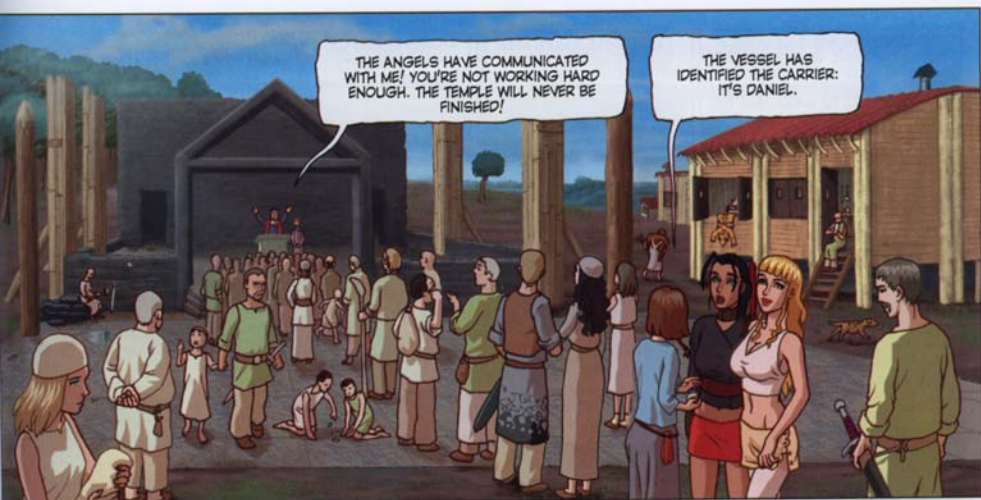
Chup chup chup













OUR UNCLE KNOWS THAT MURELIA IS ONLY A SMALL VILLAGE, BUT HE HAS HEARD OF YOUR RELIGIOUS POWER AND WANTS YOUR KINGDOM TO CONTRIBUTE TO SPREADING THE FAITH IN AKERONYA...



I ADMIRE THE KING'S KEEN INSIGHT, AND ACCEPT THE DISTINCTION HE BESTOWS ON US. I HAVE BEEN INFORMED THAT THE LAW OF THE ANGELS IS OBEYED IN POHSINKI.

I GIVE YOU MY BLESSING TO MARRY DANIEL, PRINCESS KAISLA.



YOU HONOR ME, HIGH PRIEST...

WHEN WILL I MEET MY FUTURE HUSBAND?

I SEE YOU'RE NOT FAMILIAR WITH OUR TRADITIONS...



IN MURELIA, A WOMAN CANNOT SEE HER HUSBAND UNTIL AFTER THE MARRIAGE.

BUT DON'T WORRY, THE CEREMONY WILL TAKE PLACE DURING THE NEXT NEW MOON...



SO, I FUCK HIM FIRST CHANCE I GET, HUH?



I'M TOO YOUNG TO GET MARRIED!

DON'T ACT LIKE A CHILD, KAISLA. AFTER YOU DO IT WITH HIM, WE LEAVE AND NEVER COME BACK.



I HAVE TO ASK YOU TO LEAVE SO I CAN PREPARE THE BRIDE TO RECEIVE HER HUSBAND AT DAWN.

YEAH, I WAS JUST GOING.



NOW I'LL BATHE YOU WITH ROSE WATER SO THAT YOUR HUSBAND WILL APPRECIATE YOUR SKIN'S TENDERNESS.

OH...











KAISLA, UP!!

WE GOTTA GO!



LEMME GET DRESSED AT LEAST...

THERE'S NO TIME. YOU CAN DRESS ON THE WAY...THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME...

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, SINNERS?



YOU HAVE NOT PRESERVED YOUR VIRGINITY. THE ANGELS WILL PUNISH YOU.

LET'S RIDE! THE VILLAGE IS FLOODING!



BUT... I NEVER MET MY HUSBAND!

WELL, THEN, NOW YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET MARRIED.

THE STORM...! THEY'RE PUNISHING US FOR YOUR SINS, WITCHES!



RIKKA, WHAT'S THE HURRY? WE COULD'VE WAITED IN ONE OF THE CABINS TILL THE STORM PASSED...

WE'RE NOT RUNNING AWAY FROM THE STORM. YOU DIDN'T SEE WHAT I...



WHEN I WENT TO CHECK THE ANIMALS, I PASSED BY THE TEMPLE THEY'RE BUILDING.

THERE WERE TWO ANGELS THERE! I SAW THEM!

ANGELS, RIKKA? DON'T TELL ME YOU BELIEVE THAT SHIT!



I BELIEVE WHAT I SEE KAISLA. AND THAT'S ALMOST THE ONLY THING I BELIEVE...

WHAT THESE PEOPLE CALL ANGELS WERE TWO SOLDIERS FROM THE ZANKOKU EMPIRE.



ZANKOKUS?

YES, ZANKOKUS. FROM NOW ON WE GOTTA WATCH OUT.



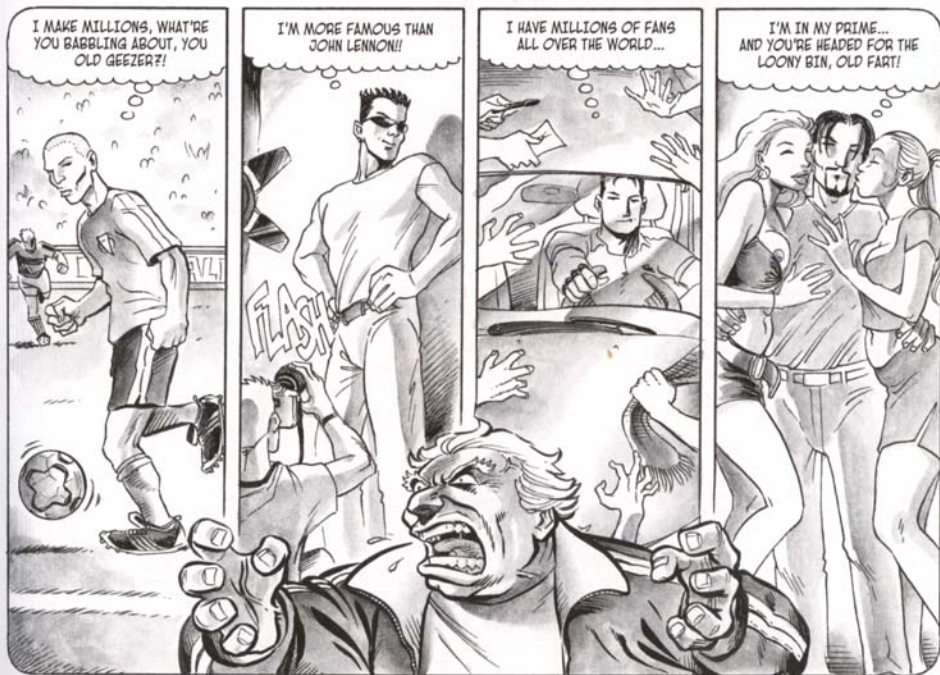
THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND US...

THEY'VE PICKED UP OUR TRAIL.

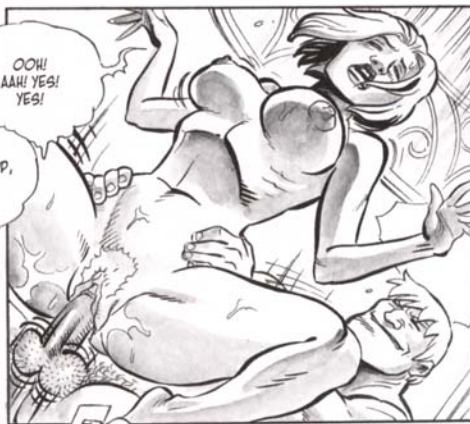
IF YOU CAN'T RUN, FLY

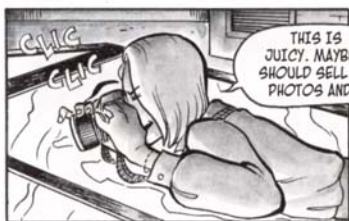
ALVARO 2003

A NEW CASE
FROM WANDA
WOLFE









THIS IS JUICY. MAYBE I SHOULD SELL THE PHOTOS AND...



WHAT'S THAT NOISE?



MMM...WOW, ARE YOU ONE OF THE BACK-UP GIRLS?

UH... WHAT?



OF COURSE, CHAMP. I'M THE RARIN' REINFORCEMENT.



OOH!

SHOULDN'T WE...
GET SOME REST...GAME
TOMORROW??

A
A
H!



BUT WE'RE GONNA
MAKE YOU FEEL
BRAND NEW.

COME HERE,
BABY!



FUCK ME! RIP UP MY PUSSY WITH YOUR
COCK, ASSHOLE!



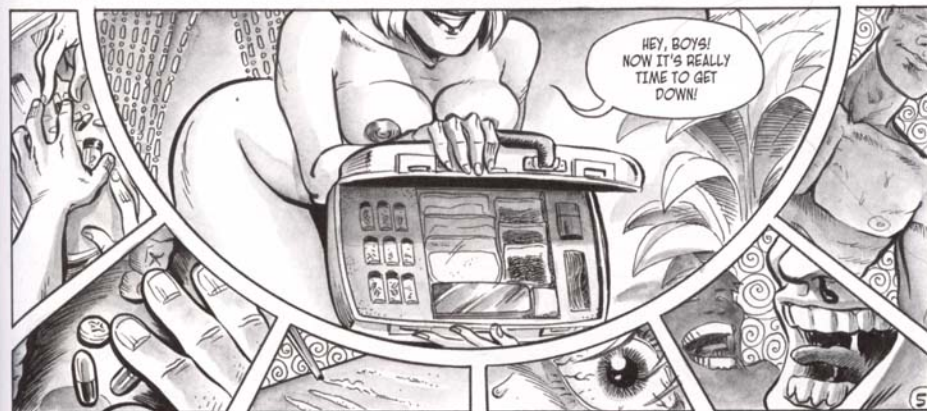
AAH!

OOH! GLUCK
LICH!!

MY
GODD!!

OOH!

ANOTHER DAY,
GIRL, SOMEONE'S
GOT TO PLAY
TOMORROW...



HEY, BOYS!
NOW IT'S REALLY
TIME TO GET
DOWN!



...INCREDIBLE, THIS MATCH WE'RE WATCHING IS ABSOLUTELY ENBARRASSING. THESE INTERNATIONAL SOCCER STARS CAN'T EVEN GET THEIR FEET ON THE BALL. THE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS THOSE GUYS ARE MAKING SHOULD REALLY BE PAID OUT TO OUR AMERICAN PLAYERS, THE ONLY ONES WHO ARE REALLY PUTTING UP A FIGHT TODAY AND...



...WORKING UP A SWEAT, AS ALL YOU FANS OUT THERE CAN SEE. OOOH, AND WITH A ROUGH START THEY'VE JUST...!!!



YOU STUPID MOTHER *\$*!@#%\$!! YOU PIECE OF
!@#%\$!#! MOVE YOUR DAMN ASS!

EHM...
COACH...

I'VE GOT AN
EXPLANATION FOR
WHAT HAPPENED...

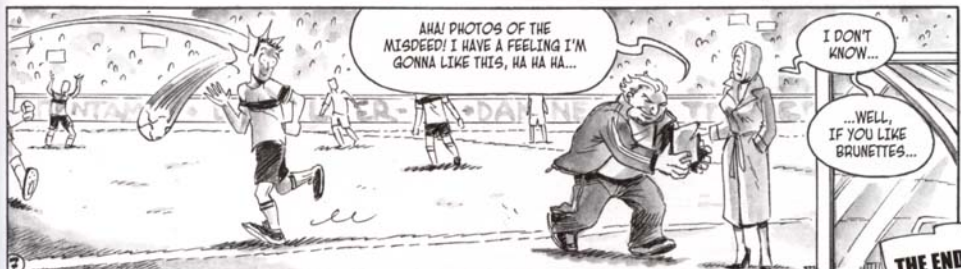


AHA! PHOTOS OF THE
MISDEED! I HAVE A FEELING I'M
GONNA LIKE THIS, HA HA HA...

I DON'T
KNOW...

...WELL,
IF YOU LIKE
BRUNETTES...

THE END



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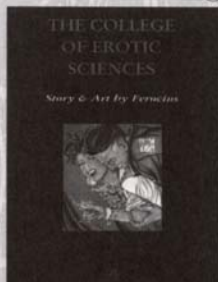
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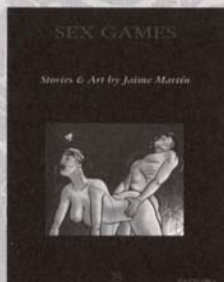
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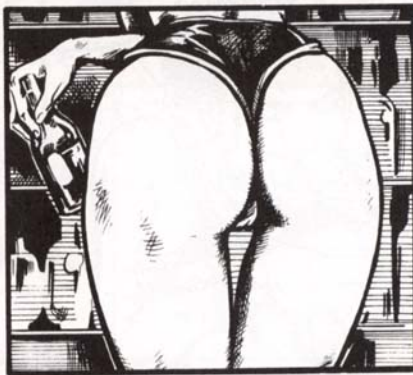
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Birth Date
Today's date

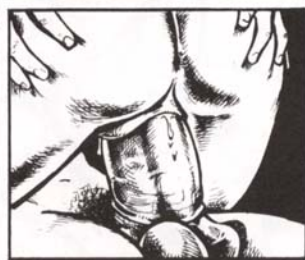
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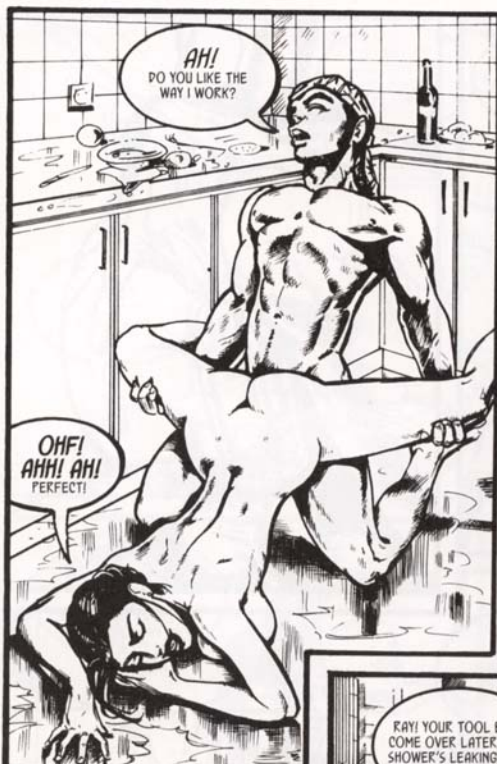












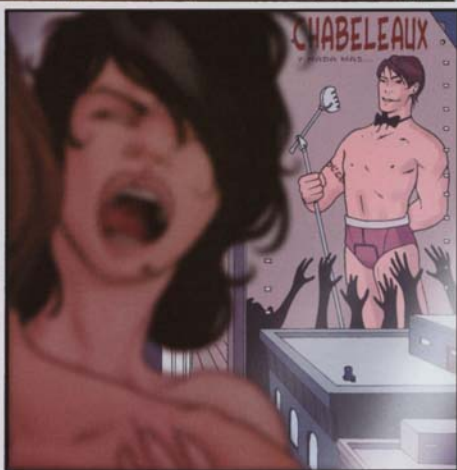
AFTER A FEW MINUTES, RAY GOES BACK TO THE JOB AND TO CRUEL REALITY.













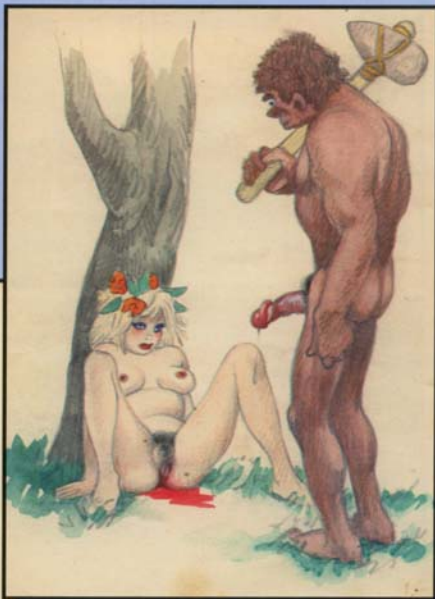




THE END

The erotic art of... Gigi Amaldi (III)

An immigrant of Italian origin, Amaldi traveled over the regions of Argentina offering to depict the portraits of all those who could afford them. Of course, the illustrations of the important people in those small villages were not done merely to keep him fed. What really fascinated our artist was this collection, which he baptized *The True History of Humanity*. The title alone manifests the artist's biting sense of humor, since even then he knew that sex is one of the main motors of our civilization and all those that have gone before it. This said, in silent homage, we take off our hat once again to his masterly brush....





Adam and Eve
The Stone Age
Egypt
Assyria
The Maya civilization
Greece







...ALTHOUGH THEY HAVE SOMETHING TO SUCK.

DOO...INGG!



LET'S SEE WHAT
THEY TASTE LIKE...



LEMON?



STRAWBERRY?



VANILLA?



CHOCOLATE?



COCK MILK! MY FAVORITE FLAVOR!

I HAVE TO GET A
BETTER TASTE...

SANTACRUZ 03



...I'M ALL READY.



WOW!

ZIS



ZAS

RIGHT ON THE PEG!



WHAT A
COLLECTION OF
COCKS. LOTS TO
HOLD ON TO.



AH!

CHOF

IS IT OKAY TO
DO THIS...



AH AH AH AH AH AH AH AH AH AH ? ...



POP

NOT A PROBLEM, 'CUZ
I'M GONNA EAT...



...BIG CREAM-
FILLED ECLAIRS.

...UFA

SANTACRUZ 03



PUSH HARDER!
PUSH HARDER!

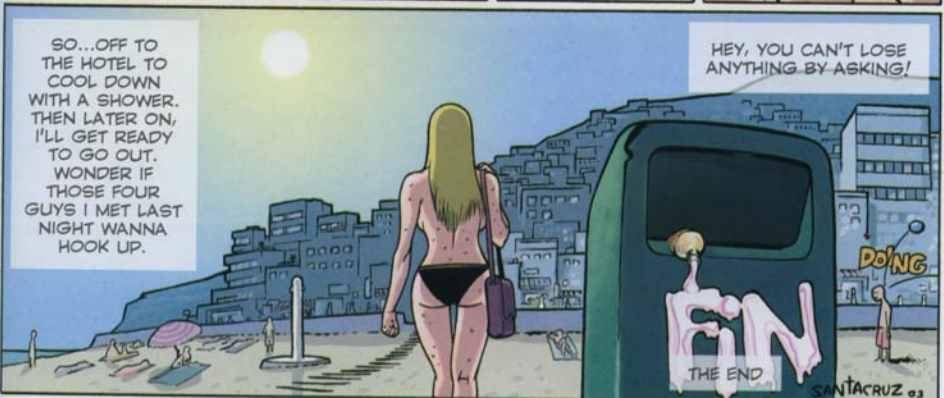
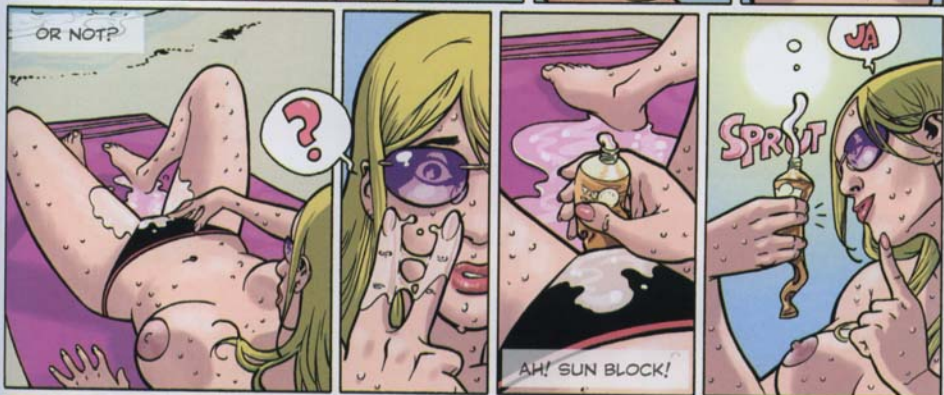
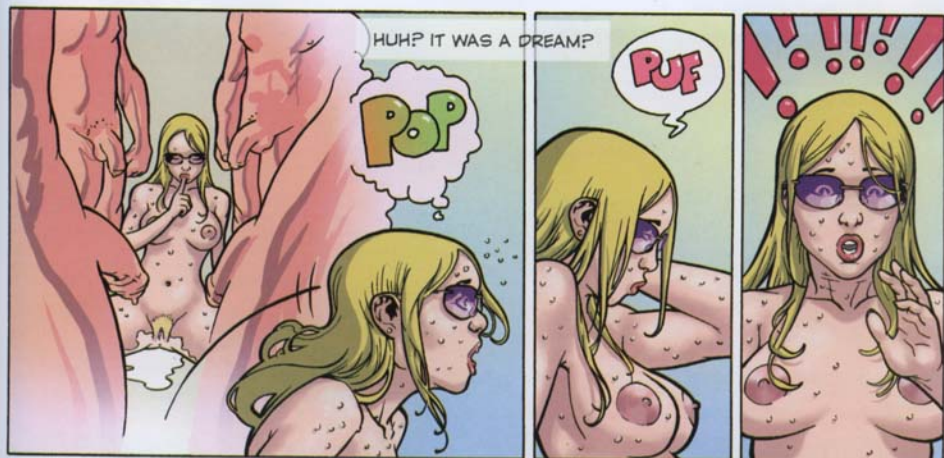


CHUPA-CHUP-CHUPA



SANTACRUZ





Mondo Porno

(Continued from page 10)

"I can be sly and saucy, sexy and dirty, but when the cameras are off, I like to greet my fans, sign autographs and dedicate photos to them."

DIGITAL TERA

The experience with Blake turned out well and Tera decided to keep shooting XXX movies. She signed an exclusive contract with Digital Playground and became the worldwide image of the company. She won the Best American Starlet prize at the Hot D'Or

awards in France and at the AVN awards in Las Vegas. She shot a few films under Joone's (the owner, director and photographer of the production house) and quit the business in 2002 to dedicate herself in body and soul to her husband, Evan Seinfeld, actor and singer of the band Biohazard. "I go crazy fucking Evan all the time," the gorgeous actress tells me. "Including when we've shot a film and we're going home. I'm already tired, but he's always horny and he follows me all over the place. He totally loves fucking in front of people...and that's the way it goes for a few more hours."

PORN, DROP BY DROP

Released from her contractual problems with Digital Playground thanks to a succulent credit, Tera signed on with the ever-powerful Vivid. She left behind a few XXX films like *Caribbean Undercover* and the series *Island Fever*, almost always shot on dream beaches in Bora Bora, Hawaii, Maui or Tahiti. In 2005 her first film with Vivid was released, *Tera! Tera! Tera!*, where she shows she's still in top form and giving good tongue. Although she leaves anal sex only for her private life, she gets down and dirty in a lesbian scene with *Savanna Sanson*.

SEX CYBERQUEEN

Those who want to know everything about this adult movie nymph should pay a visit to her hot website www.terpatrick.com, which she herself updates daily. Tera says: "I love my fans. I keep in direct contact with them through my site. I've discovered that a lot of them are girls. They ask me for beauty tips and how to fuck guys. And I love giving them advice!"

THE FUTURE BEGINS WITH AN X

This sex goddess's future is impressive. She's shown herself to be a first-rate businesswoman. Along with her husband, she runs her own production company, *Tera Vision*, through

which she maintains control of all her movies and assures herself worldwide distribution. "The truth is that I'm not really sure why I've been successful," she tells me with a toss of her head like a naughty little girl. "I'm pretty, simple and I get along well with people, and that has its influence on sex. I can be pretty sly and saucy, sexy and dirty, but when the cameras are off, I like to greet my fans, sign autographs and dedicate photos to them. I love what I do and the life I lead. Ten years ago, if you told me I'd be a porn star, I would have told you that you were crazy. And here I am!"

TERA XXX

These are this sex goddess's films. Jump in and enjoy!

1999

Aroused (Andrew Blake)

White Panty Chronicles, vol. 10 (Mitch Spinelli)

Fire And Ice (Nicholas Steele)

Loose Screw (Jerome Tanner)

2000

Virtual Sex With Tera Patrick (Joone)

Up & Cummers, vol. 80 (Randy West)

Crossroads (Brad Armstrong)

Real Female Masturbation, vol. 8 (Randy West)

Caribbean Undercover (Nicholas Steele)

Girls Of Penthouse, vol. 4 (Nicholas Guccione)

2001

Pets In Paradise (Nicholas Guccione)

Forbidden Tales (Joone)

Island Fever (Joone)

2003

Island Fever 2 (Joone)

2004

Island Fever 3 (Joone)

Collision Course (Skeeter Kerkove)

2005

Best Of North Pole (Peter North)

Tera! Tera! Tera! (Chi Chi LaRue)

Reign Of Tera (Spyder Jonze)



Next issue



ATILIO & IVAN



SOSA & MIGOYA



CHIYOJI

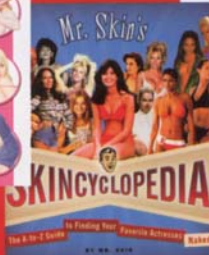


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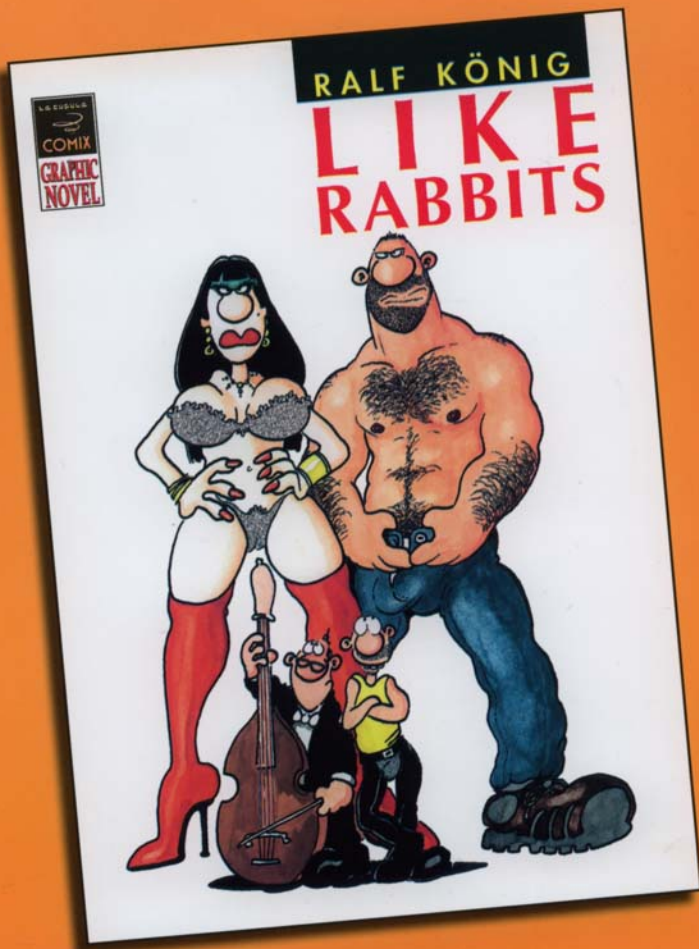
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